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SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius

SIL. Where'er sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHE. Thou hast my love; is not that neighborly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee; *Approaches him*
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too: *(SILVIUS is delighted)*
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd. *X es R.*

SIL. *(* So holy and so perfect is my love.
And I in such a poverty of grace.
That loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.
X es L.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SIL. Not very well but I have met him oft; And he hath bought the
cottage and the bounds,
That the old carlet once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy: - yet he talks well; -
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: - not very pretty: -
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

*For song
Blue foots
lights back
Rosalind
Celia
Jacques
Orlando*

SIL.

Phoebe, with all my heart.

PHE.

I'll write it straight:

The matter's in my head and in my heart:

I will be bitter with him, and passing short:

Go with me, Silvius.

(Exeunt *R* Horns of the hunters heard as the scene closes in and opens, to - *Ring to go*)

SCENE IV. - A denser part of the wood. *Ring to stop*

Enter Lords in the habit of foresters, carrying a slain deer.

SONG. Chorus start with *Puncheon*

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin, and horns to wear,

Then sing him home.

(The rest shall bear this burden.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

(Exeant. *Ring to go*)

SCENE V. The open Forest as before. *Ring to stop*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES. *L. U. C.*

JAQ.

I pry'thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROS.

They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQ.

I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROS.

Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

JAQ.

Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROS.

Why then, 'tis good to be a post. *X as R.*

JAQ.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which

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is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

ROS. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQ. Yes, I have gained my experience. *going R.*

ROS. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO. *L. U. C.*

ORL. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQ. Nay then, I'll not stay wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.
X es R. (Exit. R. L. C.)

ROS. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. *(CELIA nods to ORLANDO, and goes off after JACQUES. ROSALIND greets ORLANDO with a pout and almost sulky cry.)* Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? you a lover? *X* Can you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORL. *R* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROS. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid had clapped him o'the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

ORL. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROS. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORL. *R* Of a snail?

ROS. *L* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. *φ* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like enough to consent. *(ORLANDO retreats, rather dismayed at her assumed eagerness.)* What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

X to Tree R. C. sits

ORL. I would kiss, before I spoke. *into tree R C.*

ROS. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ~~quit~~; and for lovers, lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORL. How if the kiss be denied? *cough*

ROS. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORL. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress? *x to L*

ROS. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress.

ORL. What, of my suit?

ROS. Am I not your Rosalind?

ORL. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. *x es R*

ROS. (Slowly and kindly; ORLANDO leans forward eagerly) Well, in her person, I say, (Flippantly) I will not have you.

ORL. (Mournfully) Then, in mine own person, I die. *On bank R*

ROS. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was - Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Down L. not for love, not for love 3 times*

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me. *Sit Bump L. Rises goes C.*

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now, I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind. *Approaches her C.*

ROS. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

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Horns ready under stage
One bell to warn.

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ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What sayst thou? (Surprised)

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? ~~X R~~
Sister! sister! (Calling off) Come, sister, (as CELIA enters)
you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand,
Orlando. What do you say, ~~sister~~

ORL. Pray thee, marry us.

CEL. I cannot say the words.

ROS. You must begin - ^{with Rosalind} Will you, Orlando - ^{have to rise} ~~have to~~ ^{Horns Ready under stage}

CEL. Go to. (With mock solemnity) Will you, Orlando, have to wife
this Rosalind?

ORL. I will.

ROS. Ay, but when?

ORL. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROS. Then you must say - I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ORL. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

CELIA joins their hands and shakes a hand of each in comic
vein, as if to wish them joy, and exit, laughing at them,
ORLANDO and ROSALIND gaze at each other, and then burst out
laughing.

ROS. Now tell me, how long would ^{love} ~~you have~~ her, after you have possess-
ed her?

ORL. For ever and a day. (Takes her arm in his).

ROS. (Thrusting him off) Say a day without the ever. No, no, Orlando
men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids
are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they
are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-
pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against
rain; more new fangled than an ape; ~~more giddy in my desires~~
~~than a monkey~~: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the

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One Ring for horns

p 33 cm 4/3

fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit do do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. (Hunting horns heard in distance.)

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, - Wit, whither wilt?

ROS. Marry, you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. X eo R

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours. sits

ORL. I must attend the Duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again. (Horns heard again)

ROS. (Pettishly and pouting.) Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so, - come death! (She sinks her head on his shoulder as if about to faint; he bends over affectionately to look in her face, and she bursts out into a laugh.) Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

ORLANDO goes off- Rosalind coughs; pretends to be disappointed

ROSALIND turns away coquetting; ORLANDO returns and kisses her hand.

ROS. Well Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try; adieu.
(Exit ORLANDO. ROSALIND waves her handkerchief and kisses her fingers after him. CELIA enters and snatches the handkerchief.)

CEL. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. *Looking after him*

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, (Embracing her in a rapture.) my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROS. No; that same wicked little child of Venus, that was begot *Yes* of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses everyone's eyes, because his *L* own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love: I'll tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: *go up* I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

CEL. Look, who comes here? *go to P 54*

Enter SILVIUS.

SIL. My errand is to you, fair youth; -
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
(Giving a letter to ROSALIND.)
I know not the contents, but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROS. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all!
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well.
(Shaking her finger at him.)

This is a letter of your own device.

SIL. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

ROS.

Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

SIL.

Sure, it is hers.

ROS.

Why 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style.
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain.
Could not drop forth such giant-made invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance - Will you hear the letter?

SIL.

So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROS.

She Phebe's me: mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd

Can a woman rail thus?

SIL.

Call you this railing?

ROS.

(Reads) Why thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing? - (Reads.)

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me, -

Meaning me a beast. (Reads)

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind.
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny

And then I'll study how to die.

(She reads the last two lines in a sing-song tone and finishes
with, "Titum, titum titum, ti.")

SIL.

Call you this chiding? ⁵⁴

CEL.

Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS.

Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! SILVIUS turns away and will not listen.) - Well, go your way to her, (For I see love hath made thee a tame snake.) and say this to her; - that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER ^{H.C.} his former costume concealed beneath a long gown, his hair long and bearded. At his entrance ROSALIND seems to recognise him and turns away, leaving CELIA to face him.

OLI.

Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know, where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheepcote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL.

West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom, Brings you to the place: But at this hour the house doth keep itself. There's none within.

OLI.

If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then I should know you by description; Such garments, and such years: - The boy is fair, Of female favor, and bestows himself Like a ripe sister: the woman low, And browner than her brother. Are not you The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CEL.

It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

OLI.

Orlando doth commend him to you both, And to that youth he calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloody napkin: - are you he? ^{X C.}

ROS.

I am: what must we understand by this?

OLI.

Some of my shame; if you will know of me What man I am, and how, and why, and where This hankercher was stain'd.

CEL.

I pray you, tell it.

OLI.

When last the young Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to return again

OLI.

Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself!
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'er grown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And with indented glides did slip away
 Into a bush: under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with ubbers all drawn dry,
 Lay crouching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast,
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man.
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL.

O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
 And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd amongst men.

OLI.

And well he might so do,
 For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS.

But, to Orlando: (Striving to conceal her terror and anxiety.)
 did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLI.

Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

ROS.

Are you his brother?

CEL.

Was't you he rescued?

ROS.

Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

OLI.

'Twas I, but 'tis not I: I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?

OLI.

By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd
As, how I came into that desert place; - *begin again*
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Warm Curtain
(Offers the kerchief, which as it touches her hand, causes her
to let her spear fall and stagger. CELIA quickly advances
to support her.)

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
(ROSALIND faints on CELIA's shoulder.)

OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

CEL. There is more in it. - Cousin - Ganymede!

OLI. Look, he recovers.

ROS. I would I were at home. (Anxiously and nervously)

CEL. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLI. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man? - you lack a man's heart.
(Taking one of her hands.)

ROS. I do so, I confess it. (Partly recovering and endeavoring
to assume her boyish manner.) Ah, sirrah, a body would think
this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother
how well I counterfeited. - Heigh-ho! *Faints again*

CEL. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in
your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

ROS.

Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLI.

Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
(Slaps her heartily on the shoulder, at which she winces, but recovers.)

ROS.

So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.
(Archly, but glancing at CELIA.)

CEL.

X es C. & X es R
Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homeward. -
Good sir, go with us. *takes Ros. R hand*

OLI.

That will I. (Taking her hand again) for I must hear answer
back, how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROS.

I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counter-
feiting to him. - Will you go? (Exeunt. R 2 C.)

Faints and falls into Oliver's
CURTAIN!

arms.

Commence Act

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ACT V.

SCENE I. - Another part of the Wood.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey;

AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. Give ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you sir, (Taking off his hat)

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. (With great assumption of dignity and tapping him on the head with his staff.) Cover thy head; cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born 'i the forest here?

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WILL. Ay, sir, I thank heaven.

TOUCH. Thank heaven! a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCH. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good; -
and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou say'st well. I do not remember a saying: The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir,

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me: (Taking his hand and swinging it backward and forward.) To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he; now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, (WILLIAM retreats round the wood in fright and bewilderment before TOUCHSTONE.) which is in the vulgar, leave, - the society, - which in the boorish is, company, - of this female, - which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. Heaven rest you merry, sir.

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey, to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.

TOUCH. Wait a while: here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met; come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you; sit you in the middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2. PAGE. I'faith; and all in a tune, like gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie.
In spring time etc

III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in

the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1 PAGE. You are deceived sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. Heaven be wi' you; and mend your voices!
(Exeunt pages)

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; - I attend, I attend.

(Exeunt)

R / C.

Act V. Sc I

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER; OLIVER in hunting dress,

ORL. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all his contented followers. Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.
X<

Enter ROSALIND. L / C.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister. *exit L / C.*

ROS. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORL. It is my arm.

(cough.)

ROS. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief? *R*

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O, I know where you are: - nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two runs, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of - I came, saw, and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. *X eo R*

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much shall I think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why, then, to-morrow can I not serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking. *X eo R*

ROS. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a ~~magician~~ therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will, - Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers. *going R. R 16 (5)*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROS.

I care not, if I have; it is my study,
To seem despitteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him; love him; he worships you.

PHE.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears; -
And so am I for Phebe. *(Sighing passionately)*

PHE.

And I for Ganymede. *(Sighs)*

ORL.

And I for Rosalind. *(Sighs)*

ROS.

(Sighs) And I *(bursts out laughing)* for no woman.

SIL.

~~It is to be all made of faith and service,~~
~~And so am I for Phebe.~~

PHE.

~~And I for Ganymede.~~

ORL.

~~And I for Rosalind.~~

ROS.

~~And I for no woman.~~

SIL.

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance:

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all ~~observance~~; *obedience*
And so am I for Phebe.

PHE.

And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL.

And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS.

And so am I for no woman.

PHE.

If this be so, why blame you me to love you? *(to ROSALIND.)*

SIL.

If this be so, why blame you me to love you? *(to PHEBE.)*

ORL.

If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS.

Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

ORL.

To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Get Red's borders
Ready & foots
for procession*

*Get Red's borders
Ready & foots
for procession*

p470m1473

Duke Seniors

Amiens

Orlando

Oliver

Jaques

Phebe

Silvius

Lords

Touchstone

Audrey

Worn gauze

p480m1473

X es R

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ROS.

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon, - I will help you; (To SILVIUS) if I can: - I would love you (To PHEBE) if I could. - To-morrow meet me all together. I will marry you (To PHEBE) if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to - morrow. I will satisfy you, (To ORLANDO) if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. - I will content you, (To SILVIUS) if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you (To ORLANDO) love Rosalind, meet; as you (To SILVIUS) love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well; I have left you commands. Exit L 16.

SIL.

I'll not fail, if I live. Exit (R 16)

PHE.

Nor I. Exit L 16.

(Exeunt different ways, but joyfully, SILVIUS throwing up his cap in gladness. Wait till End of music before changing scene)

Worn gauze
LAST SCENE - A shaded space, beside a stream in the forest.

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JACQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and Lords; SILVIUS and PHEBE. Discovered

DUKE S.

Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL.

I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

DUKE S.

I do remember in this shepherd's boy, Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

ORL.

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter; But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest. (X to Oliver)

JAQ.

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY. L 16.

TOUCH.

Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ.

Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH.

If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady: I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy: I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ.

And how was that taken up?

TOUCH.

Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQ.

How seventh cause? - Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE S.

I like him very well.

TOUCH.

God 'ild you, sir, I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, to swear and to forswear: according as marriage binds and blood breaks: - a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE S.

By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH.

According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ.

But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH.

Upon a lie seven times removed: - bear your body more seeming, Audrey: - as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the Counter check quarrelsome: and so to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

JAQ.

And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH.

I durst go no further than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

(Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?)

Yes

JAQ.

Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH.

O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners; I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

JAQ.

Is not this a rare fellow, my lord, He's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

DUKE S.

He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit. (TOUCHSTONE, seeing JACQUES DE BOIS, seizes AUDREY, puts her arm in his and drags her up the stage.)

Enter JACQUES DE BOIS. L 26.

JAQ. DE BOIS

Let me have audience for a word, or two; I am the second son of old Sir Roland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly; - Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot, In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword, And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, Where meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise, and from the world; His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands restor'd to them again That were with him exil'd. This is to be true. I do engage my life. *X es R to Orlando & Oliver.*

DUKE S.

Welcome, young man; Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding: To ~~one his land withheld, and to the other,~~ A ~~land itself at large, a potent dukedom.~~ First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begun and well begot; And after, every of this happy number, That have endured shrewd days and nights with us, Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity And fall into our rustic revelry: -

REMOVED

ps2 cmc473

Reds on procession

after Procession stops)

Duke speaks |

When music stops |

Worn Curtain

Welcome in no less degree

Hymn

Good duke.

ps2 cmc473

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Music. Enter, in a barge, HYMEN, attended by shepherds and shepherdesses, with CARLIANDIS, pipe and tabor; HYMEN leading ROSALIND, in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

SONG.

Chorus

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honored;
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

They all enter in procession from the barge.

HYM.

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Alone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter
Hymen from heaven brought her.

Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

HYMEN leads ROSALIND to the DUKE.

DUKE S. O, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours. (To DUKE S.)
To you I give myself, for I am yours. (To ORLANDO.)

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

PHB. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, - my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he: - (To DUKE S.)
I'll have no husband, if you be not he: - (To ORLANDO.)
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. (To PHB.)

HYM. Pence, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,

(I Hymn

p34emc473

To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part: (To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.)
You and you are heart in heart: (To OLIVER and CELIA.)
You (to PNEBE) to his love must accord
Or have a woman to your lord: -
You and you are sure together,

(To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.)
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish.
How thus we met, and these things finish.

JAQ. Sir, by your patience, - if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQ de B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned. -
You (To DUKE S.) to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it: -
You (To ORLANDO) to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
You (To OLIVER.) to your land, and love, and great allies: -
You (To SILVIUS) to a long and well deserved bed: -
And you (To TOUCHSTONE) to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. - So to your pleasures:

TOUCH. "Trip Audrey, home along!" Exeunt.
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE S. Stay Jacques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime I: - what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. (Exit)

DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

ROS. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true,
that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do
use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help
of good epilogues. What a case am I, in, then, that am neither
a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in behalf of

a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to
beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you, and I'll
begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you
bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and
I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I
perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that
between you and the women the play may please. If I were a
woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased
me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not:
and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces,
or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make
courtesy, bid me farewell.

The chorus is resumed as the curtain descends.